

WEEKLY



OR,

VISITOR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, October 16, 1802.

[No. 2]

THE UNFORTUNATE FEMALE.

[Continued from p. 2]

"MR. C——'s absence on his father's business, gave Edwards frequent opportunities of expressing his love; and, as my governess sanctioned those marks of his affection, I listened, delighted, to his tenderness and praise, until my heart refused obedience to my father's dictates, and I resolved never to become Mr. C——'s wife."

"Blest with the society of the object of my affections, and no longer persecuted by the attentions of the being I despised, it might naturally be supposed that I enjoyed tranquility, and that my breast was the mansion of contentment and ease; but, alas! far different were my sensations, for I felt that I was acting a deceptive part; and, in countenancing the addresses of my beloved Edwards, acting in opposition to a parent's decree."

"This warfare between affection and inclination in a few weeks was brought to a close: Mr. C—— returned, and brought a letter from his father, making the most advantageous proposals for his son. Mine was too much flattered, by what he termed the Earl's condescension, to listen to the intreaties of his unhappy child; and, in an authoritative tone (which he had never before made use of) commanded me to consider myself as Mr. C——'s wife."

"Every feeling of my soul seemed suspended by this mandate; and, in an

agony of apprehension, I threw myself upon my knees, confessed my partiality for the too captivating Edwards, yet offered to resign him upon condition of being no longer persecuted by Mr. C——."

"Matilda," said my father in a determined accent, 'you have hitherto been the solace and the comfort of my life; can you, then, embitter its dregs by an act of disobedience, or teach me to lament the hour that made me father of a child?' To Mr. C—— I have not only given encouragement, but have absolutely promised you should become his wife; and the sycophant who has so artfully supplanted him every man of honor must absolutely despise."

"At the close of this sentence the door opened, and the servant announced my ill-fated lover's name. 'Sir,' said my father, the moment he entered, 'from henceforth I forbid you from entering this house: you have conducted yourself in a manner unbecoming a gentleman, and have entirely forfeited both my countenance and esteem.'"

"As the father of the woman I adore," said the astonished Edwards, 'I can pardon the injustice of the charge you have alledged; but permit me to assure you, Sir, no other individual, with impunity, should have accused me of conduct to be condemned. Mr. C—— informed me, previous to my introduction, that he had no hopes of obtaining a place in your daughter's heart; as it was evident she felt a repugnance to his addresses, and he did not even flatter him-

self that he could gain her esteem. Was not, then, a proof of want of delicacy to persevere in attentions that were ungraciously received? And may we not, naturally, attribute them to a self-interested motive, rather than a lively tenderness and esteem?' Sir, replied my father, choked with indignation, 'your sentiments and mine totally disagree; and the motives you have ascribed to Mr. C——'s conduct I firmly believe to have actuated your own; so saying he rang the bell violently, and ordered the servant to open the door."

"During this alarming conversation, a thousand agonizing apprehensions rushed into my mind, which were in some degree, quieted by the departure of Edwards, and my father taking me affectionately upon his knee. 'My beloved Matilda,' said this once fond parent, 'I absolutely grieve at the state of your heart; but a little exertion will conquer this childish prepossession, and render you worthy of my friend C——'s esteem. Go, my love,' continued he, observing my agitation; 'retire for a little time to your own room, and endeavor to regain that cheerfulness and composure which is absolutely essential to your father's peace.'"

"It was in vain that I endeavored to conquer my partiality, or tried to reconcile myself to the idea of becoming Mr. C——'s wife; the image of Edwards presented itself before me, suspected of artifice, and accused of intrigue. My mind was, in this state of

painful agitation, tortured with the conflicts of duty and love, when my maid entered, with a palid countenance, holding this letter in her trembling hand.

TO MATILDA.

'To give uneasiness to a breast I would die to shield from anguish, or to wound a heart I am solicitous to save from every pain, is an employment completely distressing—yet, dearest Matilda, I must be brief.

'Scarcely had I quitted your father's presence with a mind agitated by the recent scene, than I was accosted by your admirer in a strain of opprobrious language, and accused of being actuated by principles unmanly and mean. I knew my Matilda's detestation to the practice of duelling, and bore more than I thought my nature could have sustained; but, at length, roused beyond the power of endurance, I chastised his insolence with my cane.

'The consequence of what I fear you will term rashness, was an agreement to meet instantly in Hyde Park, where, I assure you, my beloved, I merely acted upon the defensive; yet his impetuosity occasioned the forfeiture of his life; for the determined resolution he displayed to complete my destruction, made him absolutely rush upon my blade; and, in merely attempting to preserve my own existence, I had the misfortune to send a fellow-creature to the grave.

'Oh, Matilda! dear object of my affection! and must I for ever be banished from thy sight? say, my adored angel, that you will not detest me, or will you enable me to bear this horrid load of life! My second insists upon the necessity of my removal to some remote spot where my person may be safe, and assures me that, in spite of C—'s powerful connexions, my character can neither be censured nor blamed.

'But, dearest Matilda, have I not forfeited every pretension to your affection? and can you still condescend to honor me with your esteem? or have my ill stars destined, that, by this unfortunate action, I have embittered every future moment of my life? This must be the case if you reject me, and deprive me of the hope of calling you my wife.

'If such, my beloved, should be your sensations, in mercy reveal them without disguise; for I can support certainty with greater fortitude than apprehension, and will for ever banish myself from your sight.

'I have written this letter in a state

of agitation which can never be expressed and, can scarcely be conceived; and my faithful Thomas has orders to await your answer, whilst his unhappy master must have recourse to flight.

'Adieu! dear Matilda, sole object of my tenderness! Drive me not, if possible, from your affection, and support me with the hope of existing in your esteem.

'May guardian angels protect my beloved Matilda, is the ardent prayer of the ill-fated

FREDERICK E—.

"It is impossible to describe the variety of emotions with which I perused an epistle so calculated to give me pain; but gratitude to Heaven for the preservation of my beloved Frederick, in a few minutes, I found, prevailed. Again he appeared in the light of a murderer, who had robbed my father's friend of his life. Was it possible he could ever consent to our alliance? or could I bring the grey hairs of such a parent with sorrow to the grave?

"Whilst these ideas were successively passing in my tortured and agitated mind, my father rushed into my apartment, with a countenance expressive of regret and grief.

'Matilda,' said he in a voice of persuasion, 'can you refuse the request of a dying friend? The unfortunate C— can no longer pain you with importunities, but he tells me your presence would smooth even the bed of death! Come, my dear girl; I perceive by your countenance you will endeavor to comply with his last request.'

"As my father finished this sentence, he glanced his eye upon the letter which I still held in my hand, and in the severest terms condemned me for having entered into a correspondence with a being who had treacherously murdered his friend.

"In vain I endeavored to remove my father's prejudice, and convince him that Edwards had not been to blame; he absolutely forbade my replying to the letter, and I was forced to depute that employment to my maid; and whilst he was censuring my conduct to my ill-fated lover, and declaring he would for ever renounce me as his child, Mr. C—'s servant arrived, almost breathless with apprehension, declaring that his master was in the agonies of death; and I had no method of softening my father's displeasure but by consenting to fulfil his friend's request.

"As I approached the apartment that

contained the object of my aversion, I was seized with an unusual terror and dread, and my father, perceiving how much I was agitated, tried, by an assurance of forgiveness, to reanimate my mind. The apparently dying man was supported in the arms of his surgeon, and a clergyman was kneeling on the other side of the bed, who arose from that posture upon our entrance, and directed his eyes towards me with an expressive shake of the head.

'My dear C—,' said my father, in a voice of tenderness, and drawing me gently towards the bedside, 'Matilda is come to offer you her pity and commiseration, and to intreat that, for her sake, you will endeavor to be resigned.'

'For her sake!' he replied, in a voice scarcely articulate; 'for her sake it is that I must give up my life; but ten thousand lives would I forfeit in the vindication of her honor whom I had fondly hoped would one day become my wife. And, oh!' continued he, 'could I but in death possess her, the grisly monster would appear with smiles.'

"At the close of this speech he appeared so completely exhausted, that I actually thought he was drawing his last breath, when my father seized that moment to implore me to consent, without delay, to his friend's request. In this solicitation he was joined by the clergyman, who told me he had a license in his pocket which could be immediately filled, and concluded by saying, that, as a christian, it was my duty to tranquilize the last moments of a dying man's life.

"Again C— appeared to revive from the languor, which, though occasioned by faintness, had the appearance of death; and after telling me he knew that his moments were numbered, he again implored me to become his wife.

"Though my heart sunk at the idea of entering into the engagement, yet there appeared something inhuman in refusing a dying man's request; and whilst my father was in earnest conversation with him, the surgeon slipped a piece of paper into my hand, on which was written, 'The wound is not mortal, and the faintness is occasioned by loss of blood.'

"In one moment I saw through the whole of the deception, and felt grateful to the being through whose confidence I had escaped; yet, to avoid the snare that had been spread for my destruction, seemed absolutely to require supernatural aid.

(To be continued)

CURIOUS
INSCRIPTIONS AND EPITAPHS.

Hush! ye fond flut'ring, hush! while here alone
I search the records of each mould'ring stone,
Pleasures of Memory.

I HAVE been often very much amused
with reading the inscriptions and
epitaphs of a country church-yard. It
is really laughable to see how far these
effusions of the "unlettered muse," pe-
netrate into the regions of *Barthos*. No-
thing is more common than to see in-
scribed on a rustic tombstone,

A loving friend, a husband dear,
A tender father sleepeth here.

Though at the same time, this paragon
of perfection, who, according to the
epitaph, regularly and severally per-
formed every Christian duty, was known
by those, who have survived him, to
have been a drunken, tyrannical, good-
for-nothing husband, and an imperious
father, without any sense of faith or ho-
nesty. One of these "frail memorials"
informs us, with great earnestness and
penetration,

Here we lie and take our rest,
Till Christ our Lord doth call;
Then we shall rise from death to life,

Well, and what follows?

And die no more at all!!!

In a church-yard in the isle of Port-
land, there is the following whimsical
inscription—

Al! true! death! alas! thou hast me hur'd
Out of this evil, to a better world:
Where neither sin, nor sorrow, never shall
Vex nor perplex me. Oh! that's best of all!

As a specimen of the correct orthoëpy
of these rural bards, take the following,
which is inscribed in the church-yard of
Coombe-Basset, a village near Salisbury.

Weep not for me, my children dear,
I am not dead, but sleepeth here.

But all these must yield the palm of
singularity to one, which is to be met
with somewhere in Scotland; but of
which I have unfortunately forgotten a
great part: that which I remember runs
thus—

Who lies here?
Me Mingo Linsey. What need ye speak?
Aha! Mingo! is this you?
Aye: I was living once, but I'm dead now.
i. e. ask.

The following epitaph in Bideford
church-yard, Devon, is of the Hud-
ibrastic kind—

The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided,
But ere that day did come, alas!
He sick'n'd, and he di'd.

But this is perhaps exceeded by a
couplet in the church-yard of Seven
Oaks, Kent—

Grim death took me without any warning,
I was well at night, and dead at 9 in the morning.

The beauty of the Alexandrine will
not escape the classical reader.

In West Grinstead church-yard, Sus-
sex, is one of a different description—

Vast strong was I, but yet did dye,
And in my grave asleep did lye;
My grave is stean'd round about,
Yet I hope the Lord will find me out.

Of the *epigrammatic* kind, I think the
following, which is to be found in
Northleach church, Gloucestershire, on
a person of the name of *Stone*, is enti-
tled to the praise of neatness—

Jerusalem's curse was ne'er fulfill'd in me,
For here a stone upon a Stone you see.

I shall only trouble you with two more,
one is on a stone in Leominster church-
yard—

By my first husband here I lie,
So may the second when he die.

The other is made by a husband, on
the decease of his second wife, who
happened to be interred immediately
adjoining his former one, and is copied
from a stone in a church-yard in the
county of Kent,

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who was a good wife, and never vex'd one;
I can't say that for her at the next stone.

TO A YOUNG POET.

By *Miser*.

YOUR songs, my dear friend, are
beautiful, I might say charming.
But, may I ask you, what useful purpose
you mean to attain by heightening the
charms of love, and sharpening the re-
lish of wine? Have not love and wine
already natural charms enough to excite
our desires; and is it prudent to put an

additional weight into the scale already
too preponderant?

If piety had misled man to consider a
kiss a mortal sin; if the fair sex refused
to bear the burdens and dangers of the
matrimonial state; or if the male sex
buried themselves in gloomy solitude,
denying themselves the enjoyment of
wine and love; or if the state were in
danger of becoming extinct, it surely
would then be high time, and really me-
ritorious, to enrobe these objects of our
desire in the most alluring charms, and
to re-animate in every bosom the dor-
mant flame, by glowing songs on love
and wine. But this not being the case,
the performances of our erotic and jovial
songsters cannot answer any other pur-
pose than needlessly to heighten the
charms of such objects as are already
but too enticing, and to seduce man
more and more from serious pursuits.
Our poets destroy the salutary economy
of nature, which has rendered labor
difficult and pleasure sweet, for no other
purpose than to promote the former by
the assistance of the latter.

What should we say, were the natu-
ral charms of honor heightened in this
manner? what should we say, were our
poets to sing of nothing else but of the
pleasure flowing from the possession of
power, and thereby rendering the am-
bitious and haughty still more so? And
honor is, nevertheless, in the present
order of things almost the only effectual
means of inciting man to perform great
and generous deeds, and to make great
sacrifices for the benefit of human soci-
ety. Honor has, besides, a decided ad-
vantage over love, by being attainable
only through the medium of generous
exertions; no one can obtain it without
having rendered himself deserving of it.
Notwithstanding few poets sing of the
charms of honor; nay, many seem even
to delight in ridiculing the desire of
honor.

No poet, in our times, exerts his ta-
lents to extol the pleasure flowing from
the possession of wealth; although, in
our days, when dissipation is so univer-
sally prevalent, nothing could be more
useful than to represent its charms in
colors the most lively and striking. The
poets ought to consider it one of the
most essential duties to sing of nothing
but the pleasure of possessing an un-
encumbered estate. But they think that
man gives way, of his own accord, to
mean sentiment; and that it, conse-
quently, is not necessary that the pow-
er of poetry should be called in aid, to

render it more universal, as if love and wine were less enticing! They descend but rarely to extol the happy situation of a free man, who has not mortgaged his estate, or to pay annuities upon it, so charmingly depicted by the immortal Horace.

I cannot indeed conceive what merit there can be in singing to a degenerated nation of the charms of love and wine. The tenderest instinct which God gave to man is debased by being rendered conducive to the attainment of dishonorable purposes; and the poet who does this, cannot claim that praise and applause which he promises to himself on account of his ingenious inventions and happy turns of expression.

RIGHTS OF BOTH SEXES.

IN Woolstonecroft's page, Bridget Bearwell was skill'd,
And her fancy with novel inventions was fill'd;

But Bridges improv'd on Miss Woolstonecroft's plan,

And projected some small revolution in man.

"Tis plain," she exclaim'd, "that the sexes should share,

In each other's employments, amusements and care.

I'm taught in man's duties and honors to join,

And, therefore, let man be partaker of mine:

Since to share with my husband in logic I'm fit,

In classical lore, mathematics, and wit;

In return, he shall yield the pot, kettle,

And ladle, and unite in the charge of the kitchen and cradle."

Thus Bridget resolv'd things in future should be,

As she dandled two twins, a week old on her knee.

When her husband came home, she develop'd her plan,

And bade him begin those new duties of man:

"Henceforth, John," she cry'd, "our employments are common,

Be woman like man, and be man like to woman;

Here, take up this child, John, and I'll keep his brother:

While I wet-nurse the one, you shall dry-nurse the other."

ON TRUTH.

Addressed to juvenile readers.

THE advantages attendant on a rigid observance of truth, are so numerous and obvious, that it creates astonishment in every contemplative mind, that men should so far depart from principles of real interest, as to forsake its precepts: for whatever advantages we may promise ourselves in falshood and dissimulation, they are ever transient, and unsatisfactory; whilst its ill effects are no less numerous than permanent: it brings a man under an indelible stigma, and he invariably finds that all his assertions (even when strengthened by the oaths and imprecations, to which he necessarily has recourse), are received with every symptom of cautious incredulity.

Some people will tell ye of innocent lies, which, as they do no harm, cannot be criminal. It would be useless to enter into argument on this subject, let it suffice that they are *deceptions*, and such as no one of any sense of honor, or regard for his character as a man of probity, will commit. They consist chiefly in exaggerations, or giving false colorings to the common occurrences of life, without any sinister view, and merely from a habit, which is so silly and despicable, that one would imagine none who are removed a degree from idiosyncrasy, could possibly subscribe to it. Yet such characters are not uncommon, we have Will Marvell's in every rank, who exercise their ingenuity in embellishing what would otherwise appear insignificant, and as the ultimate reward of their pains, they have the pleasure of finding themselves treated with the contempt they deserve.

Another species of falshood, is that by which a person endeavors to avoid the danger and shame of any thing he has said or done, by dissimulation or prevarication; and is so infamously base and cowardly, that every one who has the least sense of honor, must spurn at its very idea. But of all the varieties of this mean vice, none is so dangerous or so criminal, as that which has its foundation in malice. Calumny strikes at the very source of the happiness of society, by effectually subverting that honorable confidence which ought to subsist amongst men; and he, who for the gratification of his individual petty passions,

can secretly take from any one, what can never be restored—his reputation,—is almost as great an enemy to society, and as base a villain, as the assassin who plunges his dagger into the bosom of his adversary, whilst he sleeps in security.

In proportion as a liar is despised and hated, a man of probity and truth is honored and respected. Of the justice of this assertion, the following anecdotes will afford striking examples.

Petrarch, the Italian poet, resided in the family of Cardinal Colonna, when a violent quarrel arose, the foundation of which that prelate was anxious to learn: assembling, therefore, all his household, he compelled them to take a solemn oath to represent all the circumstances attending it with fairness and impartiality; and even his brother, the Bishop of Lema, was not excepted from making the sacred assertion; but when Petrarch appeared, with an intent of following the bishop's example, the cardinal closed the book, saying, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

A similar anecdote is related of Zenocrates, who was so universally honored for his strict adherence to truth, that at a judicial cause of importance, wherein he was a witness, the judges unanimously declared, that his bare word was sufficient, and exempted him from the usual oath.

These are two of the many examples which are handed down to posterity, of the great deference paid to truth and integrity, and, in short, so fully must every one be convinced of the advantages resulting from a strict observance of this necessary virtue, that I am inclined to believe, that no man capable of impartial reflection would ever deviate from its precepts. Of this opinion was Lord Chesterfield, who affirms, that, "one may judge of a man's truth by his degree of understanding."

Even the world attaches dishonor and infamy to the character of the liar; who, whilst he is sinking under the pressure of obloquy and disgrace, regrets too late his departure from those plain paths which lead to happiness.

To truth, even barbarians pay homage, it is the attribute of the deity, and ought to be the characteristic of man; who, when he forsakes its precepts, forgets his own welfare; for, to conclude with Archbishop Tillotson, "all other arts may fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last."

* A character in Johnson's IDLER, No. 49.

EFFECT OF A COSMETIC.

A VERY curious occurrence lately took place at the baths of Baden in Austria. A lady, who was remarkable for the beauty of her complexion, repaired to the baths in an elegant carriage. She had hardly dipped her hands into the water before she perceived that they were become perfectly black. She was unable to account for this; but, determined not to expose herself to the laughter of her companions, she retired to a corner of the bath, and undressed herself, intending to wash off the blackness; when she got into the water, in which she immediately jumped up to her chin. On coming out of the water, she found her bosom, her neck, and part of her chin, metamorphosed into those of a negro. This dreadful event occasioned the greatest consternation in her mind; and she called in the assistance of her friends; but it was many days before they could succeed perfectly in *Washing the blackness white*. The cause of the phenomenon is well known to all chemists to be in the property of the Baden waters, of blackening all metals; and the lady had been employing cosmetics, into the composition of which metallic substances had entered.

Wonderful Sagacity of Rats.

A Gentleman riding through Norfolk, saw by the side of the road, on a sandy heath, a colony of rats moving in grand divisions, and in the most perfect order, from a dilapidated mill towards a parsonage barn. This is not so wonderful—*but upon a nearer approach, to his great surprise, he saw by the help of a good glass, two rats leading an old one, who was blind, in the following extraordinary manner.*—A long wheat straw was held in the centre between the gums of the old rat, for he was toothless as well as blind, at the extremities of which, each of the younger rats marching gently, conducted the old one to the destined spot.

At Amsterdam, in a street called the Wood-market, recently lived a man who was curious in keeping of fowls. One of his hens, though in the midst of summer, had for several weeks stopped yielding her usual produce, and yet daily made her natural cackling; he searched her nest, but could

not even find the shell of an egg, which made him resolve to watch her closely: he accordingly the next day situated himself in such a manner as to observe her motions minutely, when to his great surprise he saw her discharging an egg, but no sooner was she off her nest, than three rats made their appearance; one of them immediately laid himself on his back, whilst the others rolled the egg upon his belly, which he clasped between his legs, and held it very firm: the other two then laid hold of his tail, and gently dragged him out of sight.

SPECIMEN OF BIOGRAPHY.

Exhibiting the progress of a Fine Fellow.

A. B. WAS born in the year— (no matter what.) His parents were— (no matter who.) He had a pleasant, chubby countenance, frisked about in his nurse's arms, said *ba* when he was old, and every body pronounced him to be—*A sweet baby.* After this he began to walk alone, spoke *ba* and *ma* so very distinctly, that every body declared he was—*A pretty boy.*

He was now sent to school, where he learned his letters so well, that in a year or two he could read a short lesson in the spelling book, and repeat it to his papa and mama (on condition of receiving a plumb cake), and was always desired to walk in and be admired by the company, who all agreed that he was—*A charming child.*

He was now sent to school to learn Latin, arithmetic, &c. where he played so many droll tricks at the expence of his ushers and school-fellows, that they had no scruple in pronouncing him—*A clever lad.*

In the process of time, he learned to judge of horse-flesh, frequented the races, betted considerably on the favorite horse of the day, and won large sums. His opinion was asked, not on *state*, but on *stable* affairs: in a word, he was—*A knowing one.*

He never was an apostate to the cause of the fair sex, but pursued his amours with constancy, and with the advantages of a good person, some art, and more assurance, he was set down for—*A devil among the women.*

By degrees, however, he found his affairs so much deranged, that he came to the resolution to sell the remainder

of what he possessed, buy an annuity, and retire from public business and life. In managing this matter, he made so good a bargain, that even *devils* shook his head, and swore—*As God's my judge, he isn't no Christian.*

At length his whole course being run, he died at his lodgings at a hair-dressers. He left not enough to bury him, and the parish took this expence off the shoulders of his wealthy *old friends*, who signified their concern at his death, by the tender exclamation, *Poor devil! What! is he dead?—Well, I knew him once a fine fellow.*

Sweet Sympathetic Sensibility.

SO, Miss Heedic died this morning of a consumption. She was no more than seventeen—a sweet girl. Ah me! is she dead? Poor thing. *—What a trifle?*

The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of the well behind our house, and which he fell into. Is he? I thought he could not recover. *—Play a shade, madam.*

There were upwards of four thousand killed in the last engagement. How many childless parents are now in sorrow!

Ah! how many, indeed!—*The odd trick is our's.*

The captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be charity to send a joint of meat to his family.

That's hard.—*I have not a heart, indeed, sir.*

He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since, and the physicians have no hopes that he will ever recover the use of his reason.

Oh! I recollect he rode against somebody.—*Play a shade, if you please.*

The prospect to the poor this winter is dreadful indeed. There will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich.

Yes—one really gives so much in charity.—*I'll bet you a crown on the game.*

George, madam, George, I am sorry to say it, put an end to his life last Tuesday.

You don't say so.—*I had two honors in my own hand.*

Yes; and as misfortunes never come alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction.

Dear me! that's bad.—*Single, double, and the rub.*

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

POLITENESS.

SINCE the observations on politeness have appeared in the Visitor, I will now according to agreement, forward you the remainder.

—Delia, as I before observed, thought her uncle too severe, but he smiling continued his remarks.—

I am sensible, said he, that my ideas upon this subject will not meet the approbation of those who make politeness consist in formality, ceremony, or a graceful mode of behavior. I cannot be willing so amiable a quality should be degraded in this manner to a mere trifle. The foundation of true politeness, I conceive to be a good heart and a benevolent disposition. Without these, it is true, a person may, to answer selfish purposes, assume the appearance of politeness, and in this way the worst of people often insinuate themselves into the good opinion of those they wish to deceive. How often do the most dissolute and unprincipled young men assume the specious appearance of politeness and friendship, to lead astray unsuspecting innocence. But this no more deserves the appellation of politeness, than the vilest hypocrisy merits the name of true religion. With no small degree of surprise have I sometimes heard women of respectability, when speaking of men of the above description, and at the same time that they pronounced them *very vile characters*, declare they thought them *very polite and agreeable*.

I must here make an observation, which, altho' it may be called a deviation from my subject, nevertheless very naturally follows. It is this, that those women who can find satisfaction in the company of men whom they know to be destitute of principle, have too much reason to suspect that their own principles are not so firmly established as they ought to be. But to return, if a man possesses that benevolent disposition, of which true politeness is the offspring, he must naturally delight in seeing his fellow creatures happy, and will endeavor to render them so, in all respects as far as lies in his power. Perhaps it may be said, that politeness does not extend to things of so much importance, and I will admit, that in general we do not give it so extensive a signification; but still this same benevolent disposition is inseparable from politeness, and in whatever degree we possess the former, we shall in the same degree possess the latter. And

this is a kind of politeness that is durable, and that extends to all, so far as they merit it. But that which is founded on selfishness, and which is by far the most common, appears only towards superiors, or where some interested views are to be answered by it.—It is curious to observe the behavior of those whose politeness is of this kind. They will indeed appear all goodness, all obsequiousness and all attention to those from whom they have expectations of honor or interest. But at the same time they can hardly treat with common civility, those in humbler walks of life, or those whom they consider their inferiors:—I say *they consider*, for in strict propriety such people can have no inferiors. It would be well if we could always distinguish between these two kinds of politeness, and it is of the utmost consequence to young ladies, who are too apt to be pleased with external appearances.—They will not always find those men who are the most complaisant and attentive before marriage, to be so afterward. Those who treat them as objects of adoration in the days of courtship, will treat them with neglect, if not with contempt and cruelty, when once they have them in their power. A man who is tyrannical amongst his friends at home, let him appear ever so polite and agreeable abroad, ought ever to be suspected. He who is disobedient and ill-natured to his parents, cannot possess a good heart, and he who is unkind to a sister, will be unkind to a wife.

Men of this description, i. e. engaging in their manners, but destitute of goodness, are generally found amongst the higher class of citizens, or those who are denominated fashionable and accomplished. The famous Chesterfield, who has long been considered by many, as the pattern of politeness, was, in my opinion, extremely deficient in that very respect for which he was so celebrated. I have seen many a plain honest farmer who merited the appellation of polite, a thousand times more than he did. It is indeed a mystery to me that women should ever presume to speak in his favor, and I must confess, that I cannot avoid suspecting the principles of her, who is acquainted with his writings and does not execrate their author.

But I will only add a few observations more, and will now speak of politeness according to the common acceptation of it. I will suppose it to consist in a graceful mode of behavior. But what particular mode can this be? The manners

and customs of people are different in different places. And what would be considered politeness in one place would perhaps be called the height of impoliteness in another. And in whatever part of the world you may go, you will find the inhabitants are prejudiced in favor of themselves, and so far as other people differ from them in their manners and customs, so far they consider them as deviating from the true standard of propriety and politeness. This all must allow is a strong proof of ignorance and a narrow mind, and yet we may see more or less of it amongst ourselves almost every day. Those who live in the city are very apt to assume a superiority over the country people, whom they are too much inclined to consider as an ignorant, impolite, uncouth set of beings. And people in the country tho' they in general have less vanity, are not without their prejudices in favor of themselves. I only mention these circumstances to show how many different claims there may be made to the same thing, and I suppose all with equal justice. We ought therefore not to form an opinion in favor or against any people, by their forms or modes of behavior, any farther than they are connected with virtue or vice. And among whatever people we may be, it is no more than politeness to conform to their customs, as far as convenience will permit, provided they are innocent. There is no merit in being singular in trifles, and it often requires less of our time and attention to conform to those which may be in fashion, than to refuse. But the more I think upon this subject, the more I find may be said upon it: I will therefore for the present let it rest here.

Delia acknowledged he had given her some new ideas upon the subject, but she could not agree with him in all respects. However, if he should at any future time think proper to continue his observations, she would have politeness enough to pay strict attention.

THEODORE.

The day before a battle, an officer asked the Marshal de Joinville permission to go and see his father, who was extremely ill, to render him his services, and receive his benediction. "Go," said the general to him, who very easily saw the cause of this retreat: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The Bey of Tripoli has declared war against Sweden, and has rejected all the propositions made by the Swedish Rear Admiral Cedestrem. The port of Tripoli is now blocked by the Swedish and American squadrons.

The First Consul wishes that all his troops should swim, both infantry and cavalry. In consequence of which, since the commencement of the season, the Master Swimmers of the School for Swimming have given lessons in that art to the soldiers. Every precaution that art can suggest, has been taken to ensure the safety of the men. But unfortunately the learners are not always able to manage their horses, so that scarce a day passes without some of the men being drowned. It is said, that on the 23d Sept. a very large body of troops will swim across the Seine in the presence of the First Consul, in order of battle, with their baggage, &c.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, October 16, 1802.

At 12 o'clock on Wednesday, A. M. the foundation stone of a MASONIC HALL was laid, by the most Worshipful the Grand Master, attended by the officers of the grand lodge, and the superintending committee. This building will be situate in Frankfort-street, near the park.

USEFUL BENEVOLENCE.

The Society for the relief of Distressed Debtors has established a Soup-House in Frankfort street, in the vicinity of the Jail, where wholesome Beef Soup is daily prepared and administered to the objects of its charity. The society, anxious to extend the benefits of this new establishment to the poor and needy of every description, will supply persons or families, between the hours of 12 and 2, daily, (Sundays excepted, the propri-

ety of which exception is doubtful) with Soup at 4 cents per quart.—The advantages of this institution are obvious. The charitable intentions of the Society, as respects Distressed Debtors, cannot be misapplied, and must be more extensively beneficial, as from the economy attending this mode of preparing and issuing provisions, the means of affording relief are enlarged.—Poor families may, at a little expence obtain a more comfortable meal, than by the usual modes of providing for their absolute wants. The Charity, which is generously bestowed, or extorted by the importunity of Street-beggars cannot be abused, when tickets for Soup, which may be purchased of the Society at 4 cents each, are given instead of money. The utility of this benevolent experiment merits, and will undoubtedly meet public patronage. [Daily Ad.

Alexandria, Oct. 11. On Saturday night last an affray took place at the upper end of the town between some young men and lads belonging to this place, and the captain and crew of a Bermudian brig now in port. Two of the young men were stabbed, one of whom is dangerously ill.

Messrs Ming and Young,

Please to insert the enclosed, in doing which, you will oblige the ladies, and your humb. serv^t.

THEODORE.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

AT a meeting of a respectable number of Ladies who formerly patronized the Ladies' Monitor, feeling sensible of the advantages that will probably result from the Weekly Visitor, and flattered by the elegant dress in which it appears, resolved, unanimously, that the thanks of this company be presented to Messrs. Ming and Young, for their laudable exertions in our cause, and hope that no accident will prevent the Visitor from becoming as useful and permanent a paper as its first appearance promises.

In behalf of the company,

JULIA.



Marriages.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Collier, Mr. JOHN LOUGHLAN, to Miss MARGARET DYKES.

Same day, Mr. JAMES SMITH, to Mrs. ELEANOR RUSSEL.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. JAMES SELL, merchant, to Miss HANNAH SCHMELZEL, daughter of Mr. George Schmeltzel, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. THOMAS ANGELL, to Miss ELIZABETH COULTHARD, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. JOHN D. KEENE, to Miss CATHARINE KIP, both of this city.

On the 13th inst. Mr. HENRY ADDINGTON, to Miss LYDIA SLEDLY, both of this city.

On Thursday last, at Flatbush, Capt. HENRY BOWIE, of Philadelphia, to Miss BELINDA VAN CLEFT, of Flatbush.

In Orangedale, Essex county, (N. Y.) Mr. JOHN GILL, merchant, late of Waterford, (Ireland) to the amiable Miss HARRISON, youngest daughter of Simon Harrison, Esq.

In South-Carolina, WM. LOWNDES, Esq. to Miss PINCKNEY, eldest daughter of Thomas Pinckney, Esq.



Deaths.

At Hingham, (Mass.) Rev. Daniel Shute, D. D. in the 81st year of his age, and 56th of his ministry.

At Heath, Rev. Jonathan Leavitt, aged 71.

Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Ewing, Pastor of the first Presbyterian church in that city.

At Newport, (R. I.) Rev. Gardiner Thurston.

In this city, Miss Ediza Bradhurst, daughter of Dr. Bradhurst.

In England, the Hon. Isaac Barré, member of Parliament, celebrated for the part he took in favor of these colonies in 1774, &c.



FOR THE VISITOR.

THE SEPARATION.

TELL me, fair maid, the cause why tears
Bedew your youthful face,
Where late each smiling joy was seen,
And ev'ry winking grace.

Has death depriv'd you of a friend
You lov'd and held most dear?
Or has some swain false-hearted prov'd,
And caus'd the falling tear?

"Alfred, the noble, gen'rous youth,
Whose heart and mine are one,
Call'd by the noisy din of wealth,
Across the Atlantic's gone."

"A year's long tedious absence I
Must sorrow and bemoan,
Ere to my arms the absent youth
Can possibly return."

"Tho' Alfred's heart is pure,—perhaps,
(Oh painful—painful thought,)
In some rich European fair,
His Laura'll be forgot."

"Roll on old time your rapid course,
On swiftest pinions fly,
Bring to my arms that dearest youth,
For whom I'd live and die."

THE GREY MARE THE BETTER
HORSE.

IN days of yore, I've somewhere read,
A country squire, from cities bred,
Liv'd quite remote from noise and strife,
And all he wanted was a wife;
He to a lass did soon impart
The ardent wishes of his heart;
The maiden now the dame returns,
And each with equal ardor burns:
Her father, too, gave his consent,
And to the church they straightway went,
When all was joy and merriment.
The honey-moon was scarcely past,
When ma'am began to show her taste
For routs and riot, noise and strife,
Which made spouse weary of his life.
He to her father straightway went,
All told him all his discontent.

The old man listen'd, paus'd a while,
And thus he answer'd with a smile:
"Son, if the world you did but know,
You'd think it wrong to argue so:
Look where you will, the wretched age
Of this degenerate, wicked age."

Whether in high or lower life,
Each man is govern'd by his wife:
If you be love not what I say,
We'll prove it by the following way:
Five horses in my stable stand,
As good as any in the land;
Five hundred eggs, to bear them past,
I'll likewise put into a cart;
With these the country you shall trace,
And walk about each town and place,
Strictly enquire at ev'ry house,
Who is it governs—husb or spouse?
At ev'ry house where 'tis content
The man is master, leave a bent;
But where the wife is mistress—see
To have an egg, and if it be
The hundred eggs are woe's content,
To take my daughter I'm content."

The son departs—first house in sight
He asked in merry light
But there he found 'twas all in vain,
"You lubber, go and open the door!"
He left an egg, and then proceeded,
Fretting he had so ill succeeded,
With this ill luck he travell'd o'er
Some twenty towns, I think or more;
Now where a stately mansion stood,
Hither our carter quickly rode—
And soon alighting at the gate,
Enquired for the master straight;
The gentleman was yet in bed,
But to the lady was he led—
When seated, he without much force
Of compliments, began discourse;
"To ask a question's all I want,
And beg that you will deign to grant
A faithful answer—no to know
Whether your husband rules or no?"
An answer soon the lady had,
Which made our squire's heart full glad;
"Why, sir, I'm not allow'd to say
My husband always I obey;"
The husband came, and being seated,
The bus'ness was again repeated;
And, after compliments were paid,
Confirm'd each word his wife had said:
Our hero, without saying more,
Took both his friends unto the door,
And begg'd they'd take without much words,
The best horse which his team affords,
A black one struck the husband's fancy,
But then a did not please his Nancy;
She urg'd with energetic force,
"The grey mare was the better horse;"
The husband many reasons gave,
Why he the black horse wish'd to have;
But thought would do, ma'am had her way,
And in a passion did she say—

"You shall have that!"—"Well," said the
"You'll please yourself, do all I can,
Since I must be so,"—"Stop," says the squire,
"Instead of that, I must desire
You'll take an egg, and I of course
Must travel homeward with my horse;
For now I see, throughout their lives,
All men are govern'd by their wives."

We seem to complain in others, but of such faults as
we consider ourselves exempt.

THE TEAR OF BEAUTY.

SEE down MARIA's blushing cheek
The tear of soft compassion flow;
These tears a yielding heart bespeak—
A heart that feels for others' woe.

May not those drops, that frequent fall,
To my fond hope precipitant prove?
The heart that beats at such a call
Will own the softer voice of love.

Earth ne'er produced a gem so rare,
Nor wealthy ocean's ample space
So rich a pearl—as that bright tear
That lingers on MARIA's face.

So hangs upon the morning rose
The crystal drop of heaven's rain;
A while it gleams in sunbeams' glow—
It gone—and leaves no stain behind.

THEATRE.

On Monday Evening, Oct. 18, will be
presented, the Tragedy of
MACBETH.

To which will be added,
FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

FANCY CHAIRS
Made as usual in the neatest style of
elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOT, No. 22,
Stone-Street.

JOHN TIEBOUT,
No. 246 Water Street, near Peck Slip,
Has for sale.

THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.
By Regina Maria Cooke.

REUBEN AND RACHAEL,
Tales of old Times.

Mrs. Rawson,

JULIA, AND
THE ILLUMINATED BARON.
By a Lady of Massachusetts.

THE BEGGAR BOY.
By T. Bellamy.

THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.
HUTCHINS' ALMANACK
For the year 1803.

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